CAMPFIRE™

ADAPTED BY LEWIS HELFAND
ILLUSTRATED BY RAJESH NAGULAKONDA

LEWIS CARROLL

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

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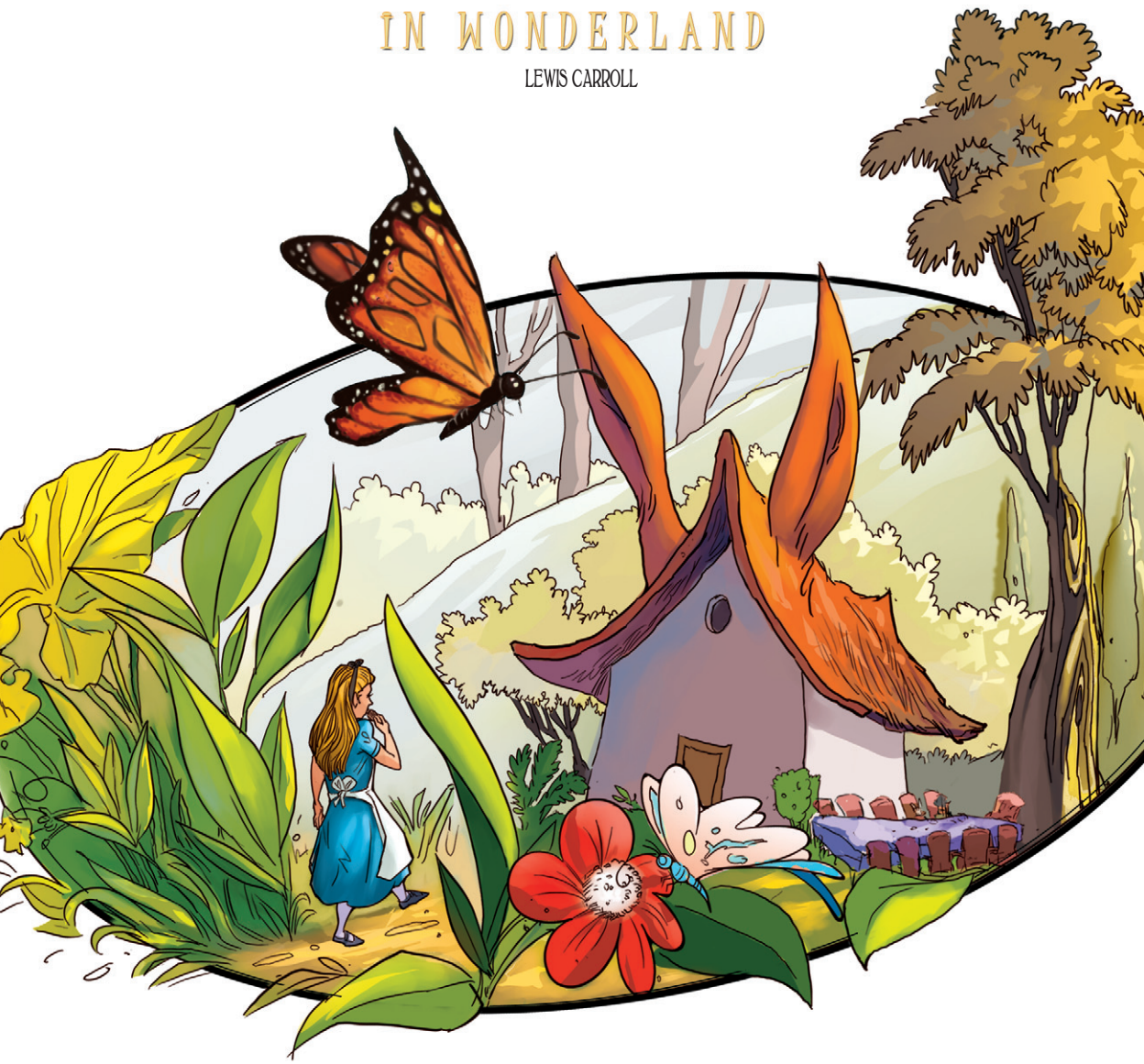

CAMPFIRE™

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Sitting around the Campfire, telling the story, were:

Wordsmith	:	Lewis Helfand
Illustrator	:	Rajesh Nagulakonda
Illustrations Editor	:	Jayshree Das
Colorist	:	K.G. Prasanth
Letterers	:	Bhavnath Chaudhary Vishal Sharma
Editors	:	Divya Dubey Andrew Dodd
Research Editor	:	Pushpanjali Borooah
Cover Art	:	Rajesh Nagulakonda

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About the Author

Lewis Carroll was the pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born on January 27, 1832 in the county of Cheshire, England, and was the third of eleven children. His parents were Charles Dodgson and Frances Jane Lutwidge.

Carroll's father was known as a gifted mathematician, and it was a trait he passed onto his son. Carroll later excelled at mathematics and wrote extensively about the subject. In 1846, Carroll was sent to Rugby School and, following this, he went on to study at Oxford University's Christ Church in 1851. That same year his mother died from inflammation of the brain.

After obtaining his degree, Carroll remained at Christ Church to teach, but his interests branched out far beyond mathematics. He began to concentrate on writing fiction and first used the Lewis Carroll pseudonym for a poem called *Solitude* in 1856.

That same year Henry Liddell arrived at Christ Church with his wife and children to serve as the new dean. Carroll became a close friend of the family, and would entertain Liddell's children with his fantastic stories. At the insistence of Alice, one of Liddell's daughters, Carroll wrote *Alice's Adventures Underground* in 1864. This collection of stories served as the basis for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, which was published a year later.

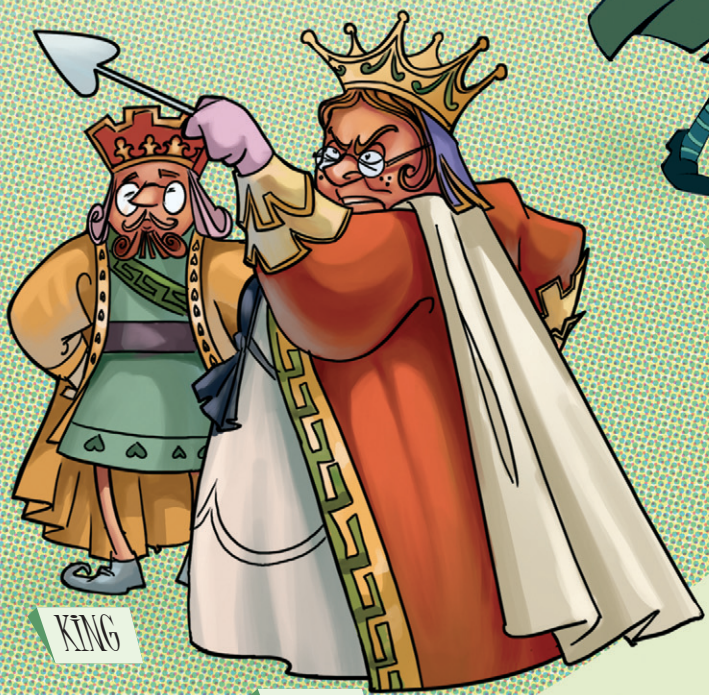
When *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* became an overwhelming success, Carroll published a sequel, known as *Through the Looking Glass*, in 1872. As he continued with his writing and teaching careers, Carroll also pursued a number of other passions, including art and photography. He is also credited with inventing a word game known as *Doublets*.

Lewis Carroll passed away on January 14, 1898 at the age of 65.

ALICE

WHITE RABBIT

MAD HATTER



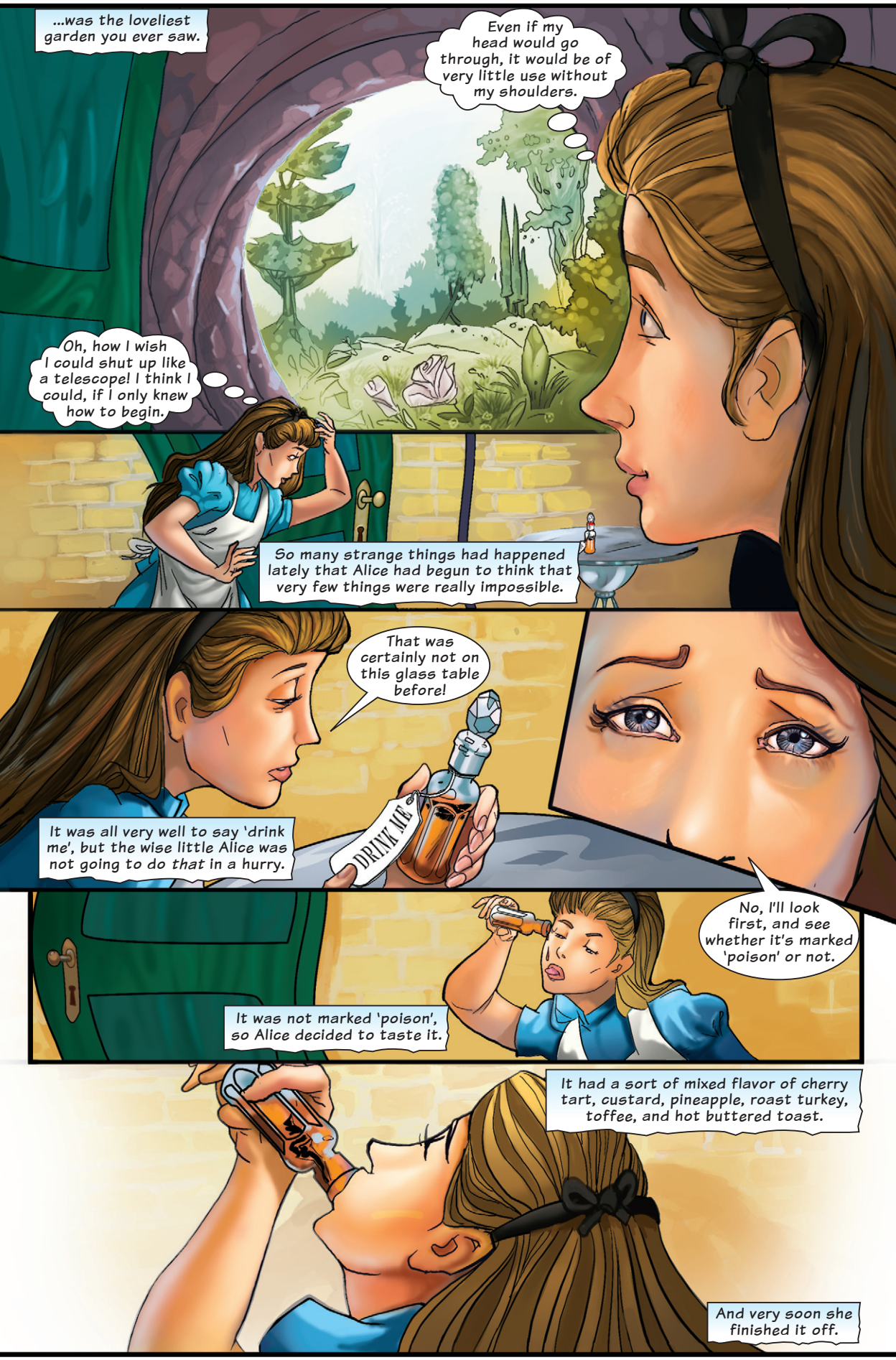
KING

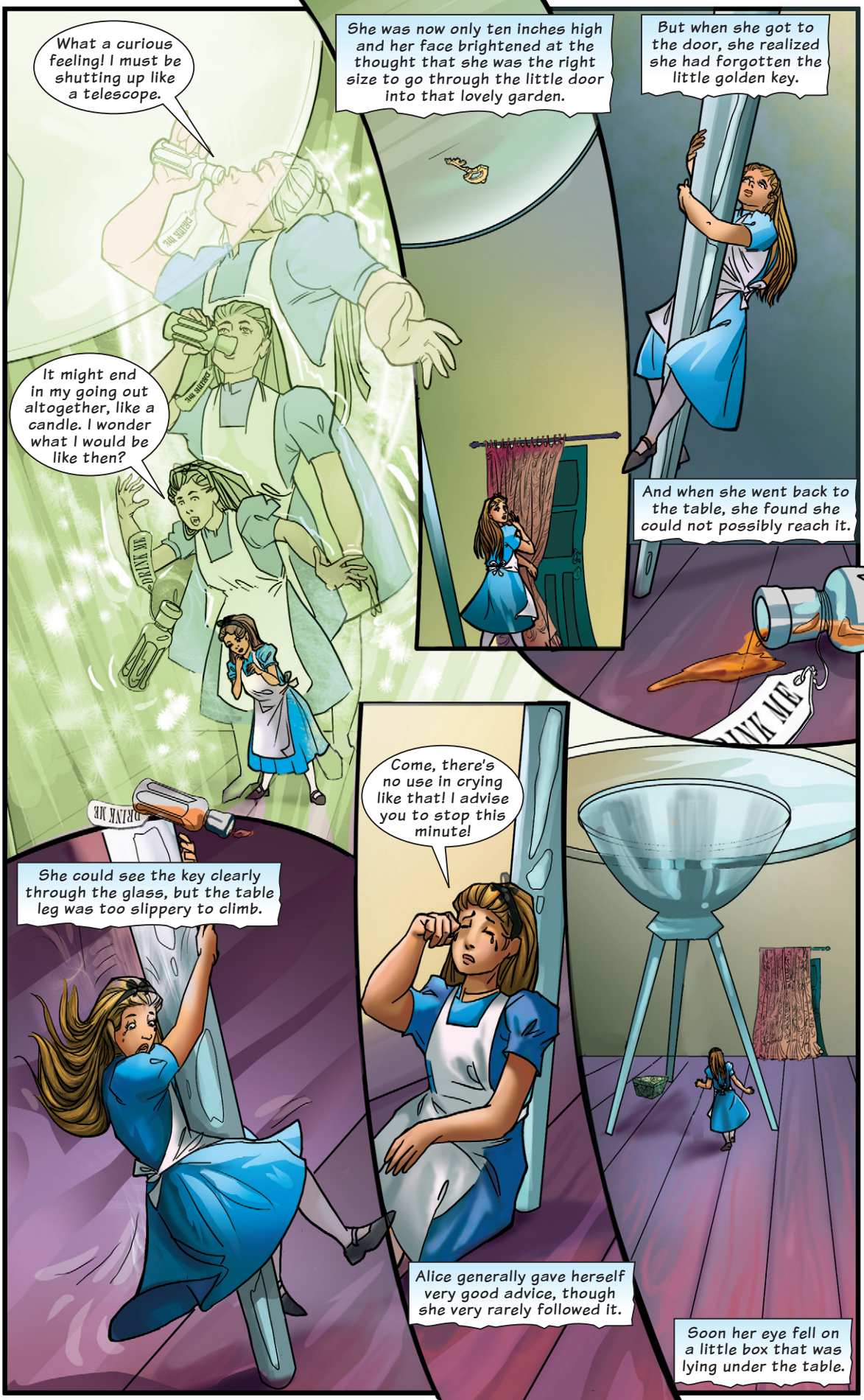
QUEEN

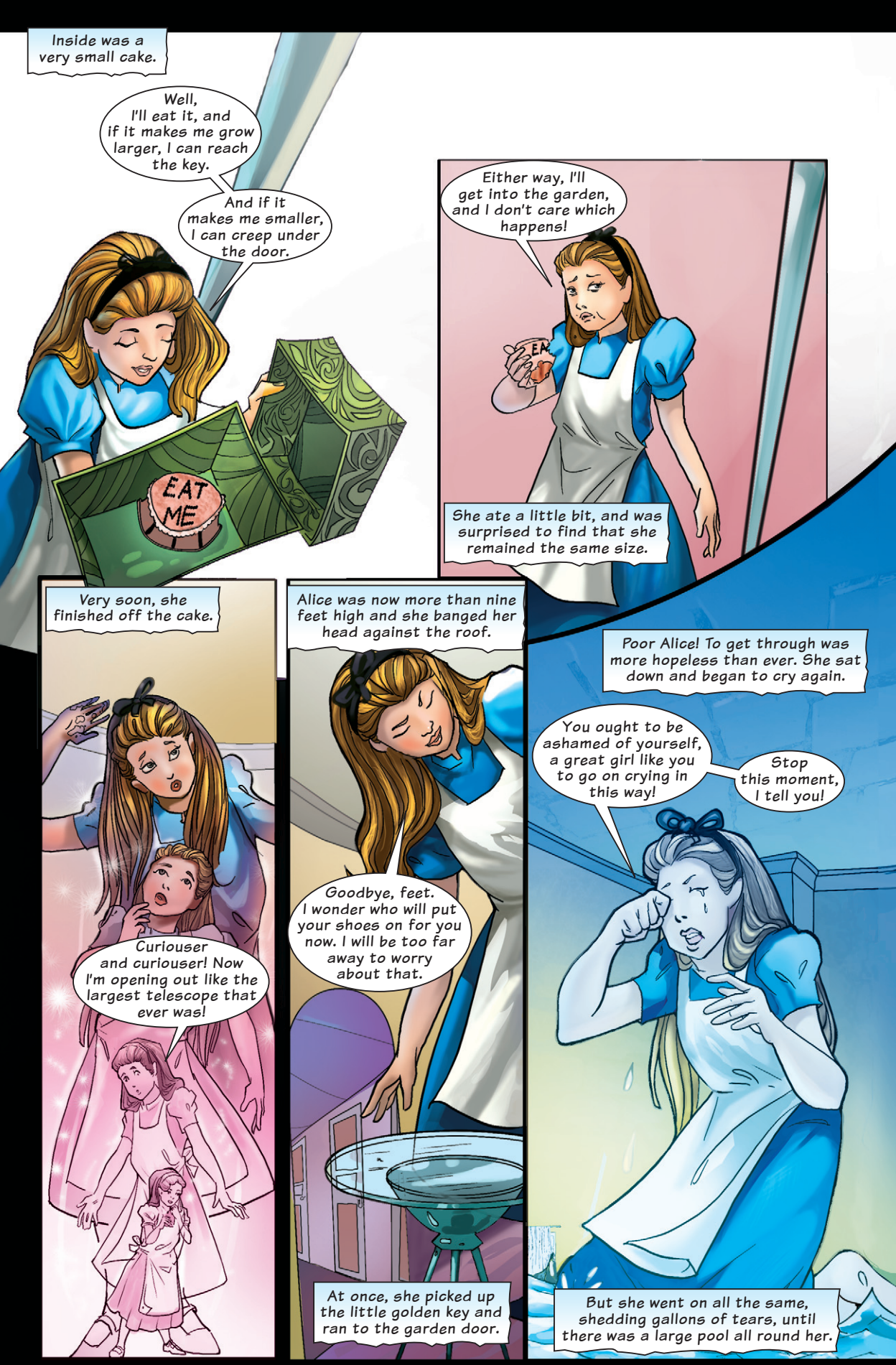
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do.
Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading.
What is the use of a book without pictures or conversation?
She was considering in her own mind whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies...
...when suddenly...
Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!
When she thought it over afterward, it occurred to her that she should have been surprised at this but, at the time, it all seemed quite natural.
However, when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, looked at it and then hurried on, Alice jumped to her feet.

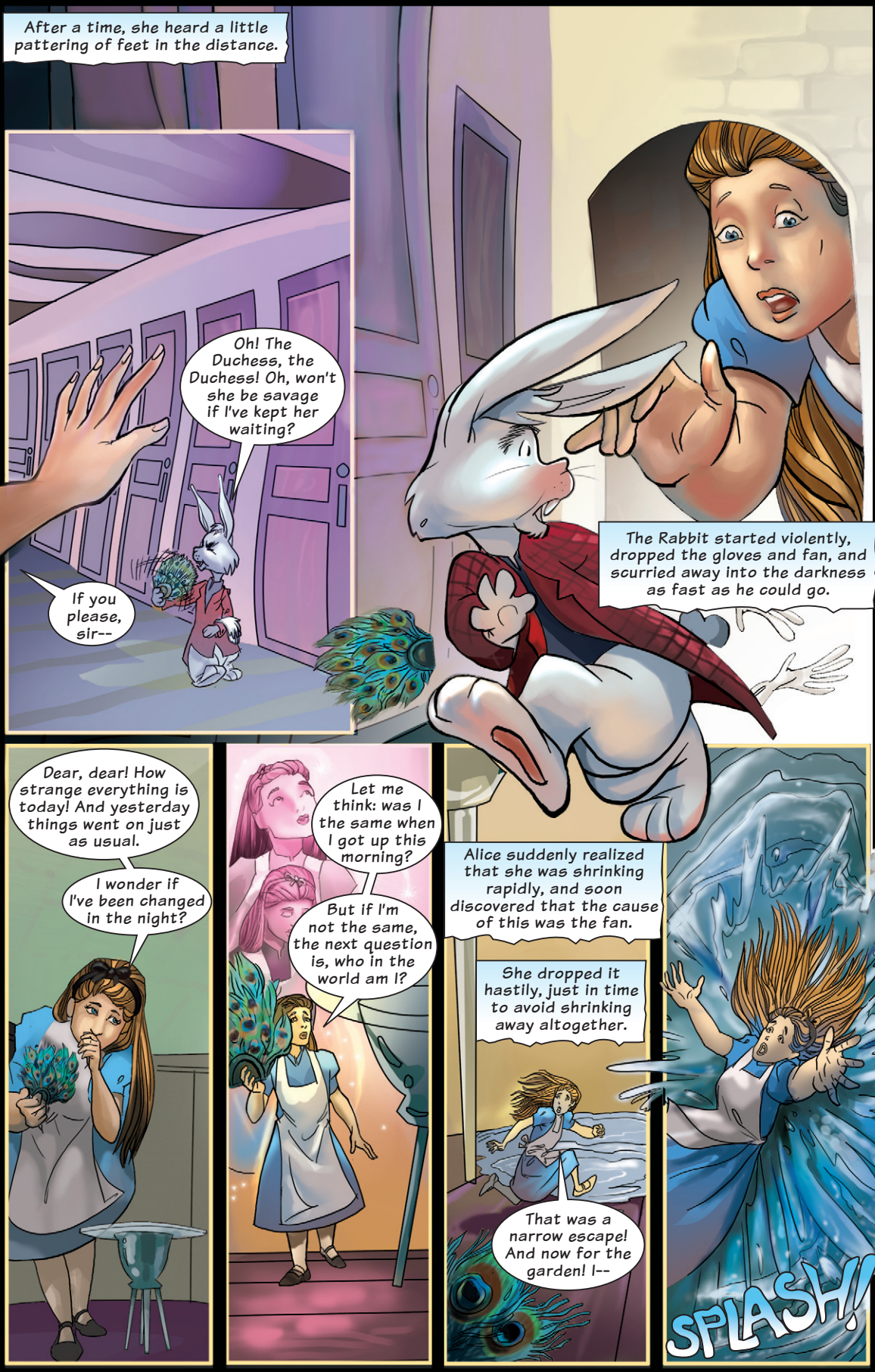
It flashed across her mind that she had never seen a rabbit with a waistcoat pocket before, or a watch to take out of it.
Down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.
The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel. And then, suddenly...
...she found herself falling down a very deep well.
After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs!
I wonder how many miles I've fallen so far. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the Earth.
I wonder if I shall fall right through the Earth!
How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward!
I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is. Please, ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?
And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I will see it written somewhere.
My cat, Dinah, will miss me very much tonight.
I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at teatime. I hope--
THUMP!
And the fall was over.

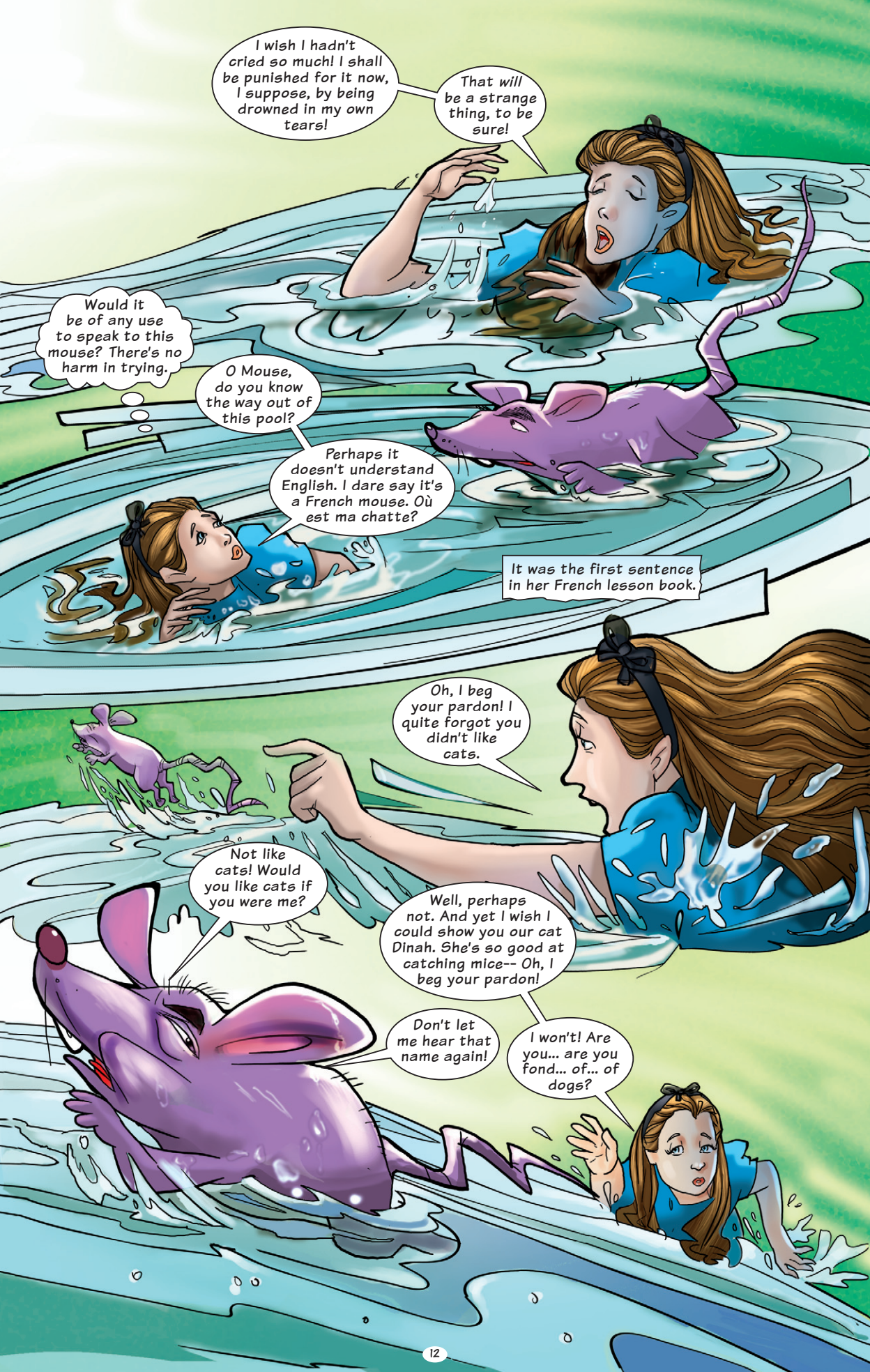
Alice was not hurt at all. Before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it.
Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!
Suddenly, the Rabbit was nowhere to be seen. There were doors all around the hall, but they were all locked.
Trying every door, Alice walked sadly down the hall, wondering how she was ever going to get out again.
There's a key on that glass table.
Maybe it will help.
Alice's first idea was that the tiny golden key might belong to one of the doors of the hall, but...
...either the locks were too large, or the key was too small.
However, the second time around, she came upon something she had not noticed before.
The door behind the curtain was about fifteen inches high.
It fits!
Alice was delighted. She opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat hole.
At the other end of the passage...


...was the loveliest garden you ever saw.
Even if my head would go through, it would be of very little use without my shoulders.
Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.
So many strange things had happened lately that Alice had begun to think that very few things were really impossible.
That was certainly not on this glass table before!
DRINK ME
It was all very well to say 'drink me', but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry.
No, I'll look first, and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not.
It was not marked 'poison', so Alice decided to taste it.
It had a sort of mixed flavor of cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast.
And very soon she finished it off.


What a curious feeling! I must be shutting up like a telescope.
It might end in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I would be like then?
DRINK ME
She was now only ten inches high and her face brightened at the thought that she was the right size to go through the little door into that lovely garden.
But when she got to the door, she realized she had forgotten the little golden key.
And when she went back to the table, she found she could not possibly reach it.
Come, there's no use in crying like that! I advise you to stop this minute!
She could see the key clearly through the glass, but the table leg was too slippery to climb.
Alice generally gave herself very good advice, though she very rarely followed it.
Soon her eye fell on a little box that was lying under the table.

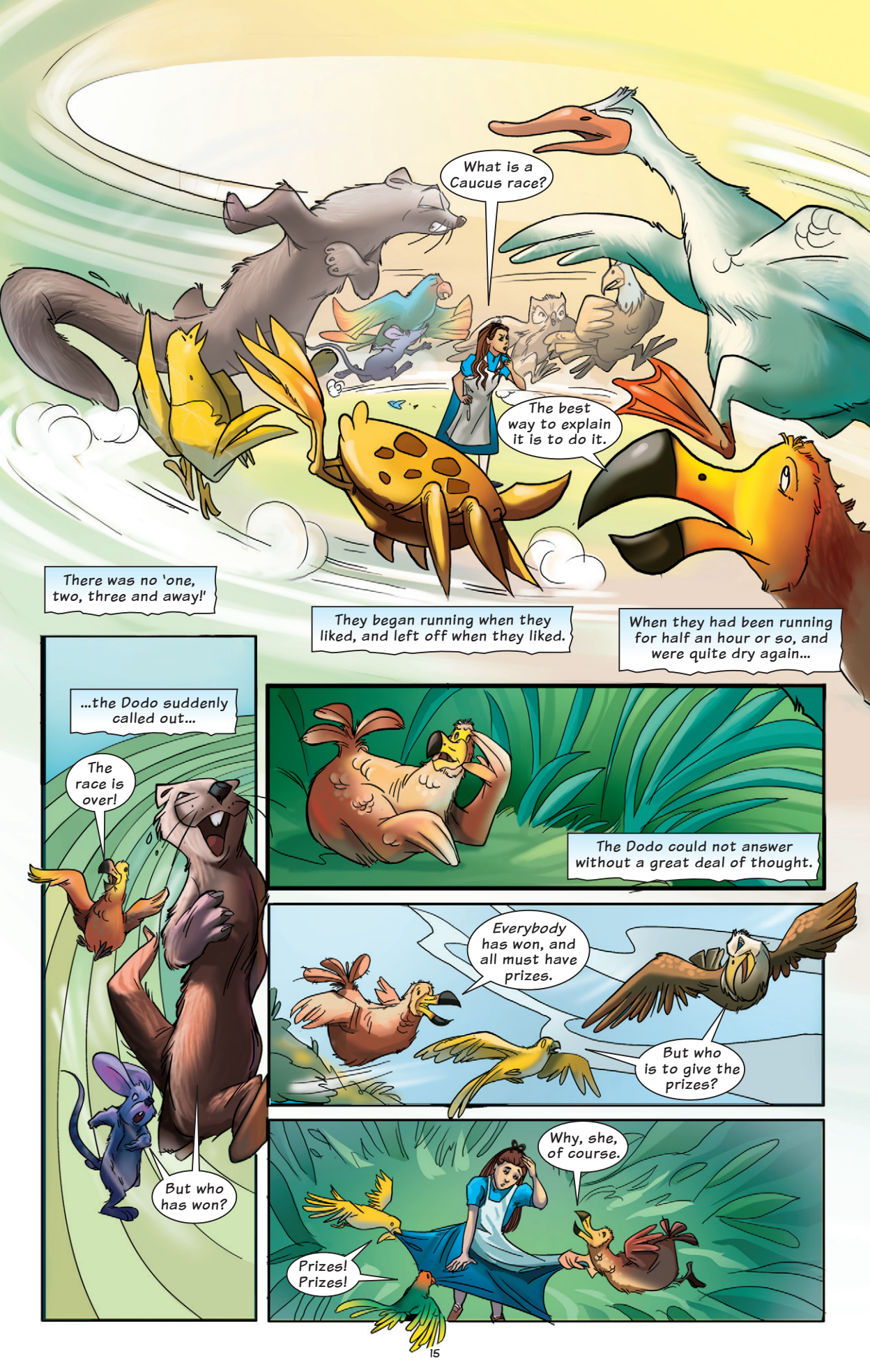

Inside was a very small cake.
Well, I'll eat it, and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key.
And if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door.
EAT ME
Either way, I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!
She ate a little bit, and was surprised to find that she remained the same size.
Very soon, she finished off the cake.
Curiouser and curiouser! Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was!
Alice was now more than nine feet high and she banged her head against the roof.
Goodbye, feet. I wonder who will put your shoes on for you now. I will be too far away to worry about that.
At once, she picked up the little golden key and ran to the garden door.
Poor Alice! To get through was more hopeless than ever. She sat down and began to cry again.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great girl like you to go on crying in this way!
Stop this moment, I tell you!
But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her.


After a time, she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance.
Oh! The Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting?
If you please, sir--
The Rabbit started violently, dropped the gloves and fan, and scurried away into the darkness as fast as he could go.
Dear, dear! How strange everything is today! And yesterday things went on just as usual.
I wonder if I've been changed in the night?
Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning?
But if I'm not the same, the next question is, who in the world am I?
Alice suddenly realized that she was shrinking rapidly, and soon discovered that the cause of this was the fan.
She dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.
That was a narrow escape! And now for the garden! I--
SPLASH!


I wish I hadn't cried so much! I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears!
That will be a strange thing, to be sure!
Would it be of any use to speak to this mouse? There's no harm in trying.
O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool?
Perhaps it doesn't understand English. I dare say it's a French mouse. Où est ma chatte?
It was the first sentence in her French lesson book.
Oh, I beg your pardon! I quite forgot you didn't like cats.
Not like cats! Would you like cats if you were me?
Well, perhaps not. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah. She's so good at catching mice-- Oh, I beg your pardon!
Don't let me hear that name again!
I won't! Are you... are you fond... of... of dogs?

The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly.
There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you.
It belongs to a farmer and he says it's so useful. It kills all the rats and--
Oh dear. Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs if you don't like them!
When the Mouse heard this, it turned around and swam slowly back to her.
Let us get to the shore...
It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it.
...and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why I hate cats and dogs.
Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

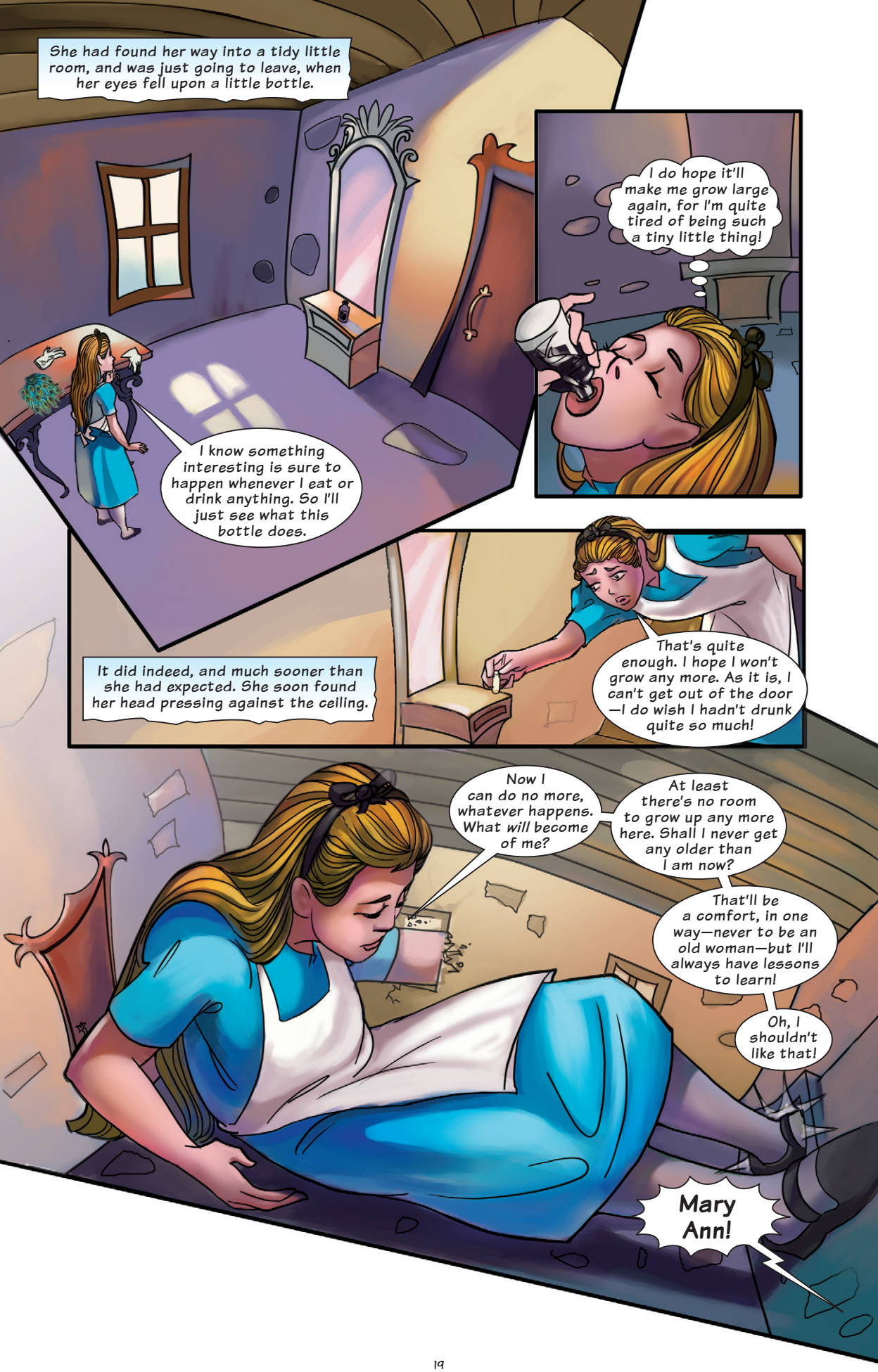
The first question, of course, was how to get dry again, and Alice had quite a long argument with the Lory.
I'm older than you, and must know better.
But how old are you?
I will not tell you that.
Sit down all of you, and listen to me! I'll soon make you dry enough!
Ahem! This is the driest thing I know.
William the Conqueror, whose cause was favored by the Pope, was soon submitted to by the English...
...who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to conquest...
How are you getting on now, my dear?
As wet as ever. It doesn't seem to dry me at all.
In that case, I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies--
Speak English! I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either!
I was going to say that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus race.


What is a Caucus race?
The best way to explain it is to do it.
There was no 'one, two, three and away!'
They began running when they liked, and left off when they liked.
When they had been running for half an hour or so, and were quite dry again...
...the Dodo suddenly called out...
The race is over!
But who has won?
The Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought.
Everybody has won, and all must have prizes.
But who is to give the prizes?
Why, she, of course.
Prizes! Prizes!

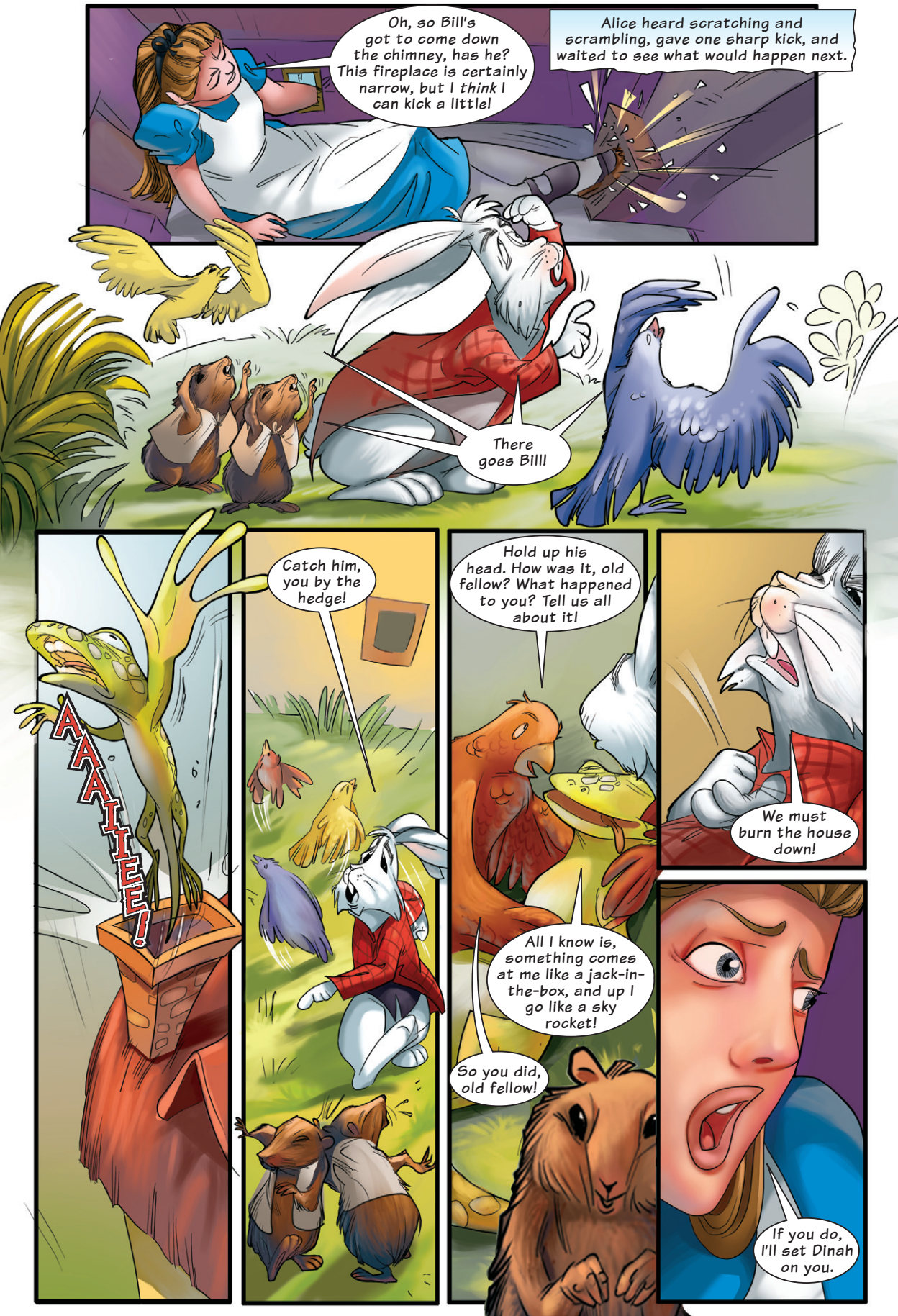
Alice had no idea what to do. Then she found a box of sweets in her pocket and handed them around as prizes.
You promised to tell me your history, you know. And why it is you hate C and D.
Mine is a long and sad tale.
You insult me by talking such nonsense!
It is a long tail, certainly, but why do you call it sad?
You're so easily offended, you know! Please come back and finish your story!
Ah, my dear! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose your temper!
I wish I had our Dinah here, I do! She'd soon fetch it back!
And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?
Dinah's our cat. And she's so good at catching mice, you wouldn't believe it!
And oh, I wish you could see her chasing after the birds! Why, she'd eat a little bird as soon as look at it!

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party.
I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah!
Nobody seems to like her down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world. Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I will see you again!
And poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited.
I really must be getting home; the night air doesn't suit my throat!
Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!
On various pretexts, they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.
TAP TAP TAP
In a while, she heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and looked up eagerly...
...half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers!
She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where can I have dropped them, I wonder!
Alice guessed that the Rabbit was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, but they were nowhere to be seen.
She began hunting about for them, but everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool. The great hall with the glass table and the little door had vanished completely.
Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing out here?
The Rabbit's angry tone took Alice by surprise.
Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!
He thought I was his housemaid. How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am!
W. Rabbit
But I'd better take him his fan and gloves —that is, if I can find them.
She was so frightened that she ran off at once in the direction he pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that he had made.
She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, feeling frightened in case she should be thrown out of the house.


She had found her way into a tidy little room, and was just going to leave, when her eyes fell upon a little bottle.
I know something interesting is sure to happen whenever I eat or drink anything. So I'll just see what this bottle does.
I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!
It did indeed, and much sooner than she had expected. She soon found her head pressing against the ceiling.
That's quite enough. I hope I won't grow any more. As it is, I can't get out of the door —I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!
Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What will become of me?
At least there's no room to grow up any more here. Shall I never get any older than I am now?
That'll be a comfort, in one way—never to be an old woman—but I'll always have lessons to learn!
Oh, I shouldn't like that!
Mary Ann!

Mary Ann!
Fetch me my gloves this moment!
I'll go around and get in at the window.
Eeeek!
Pat! Pat, what's that in the window?
I'm sure it's an arm, Your Honor!
Who ever saw an arm that size? Go and take it away!
I only wish they could! I don't want to stay in here any longer!
Where's the other ladder?
Bill's got it. Will the roof hold?
Who's to go down the chimney?
Nay, I shan't! You do it!
Bill! The master says you've got to go down the chimney!


Oh, so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he? This fireplace is certainly narrow, but I think I can kick a little!
Alice heard scratching and scrambling, gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.
There goes Bill!
Catch him, you by the hedge!
AAAIIEE!
Hold up his head. How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!
We must burn the house down!
All I know is, something comes at me like a jack-in-the-box, and up I go like a sky rocket!
So you did, old fellow!
If you do, I'll set Dinah on you.

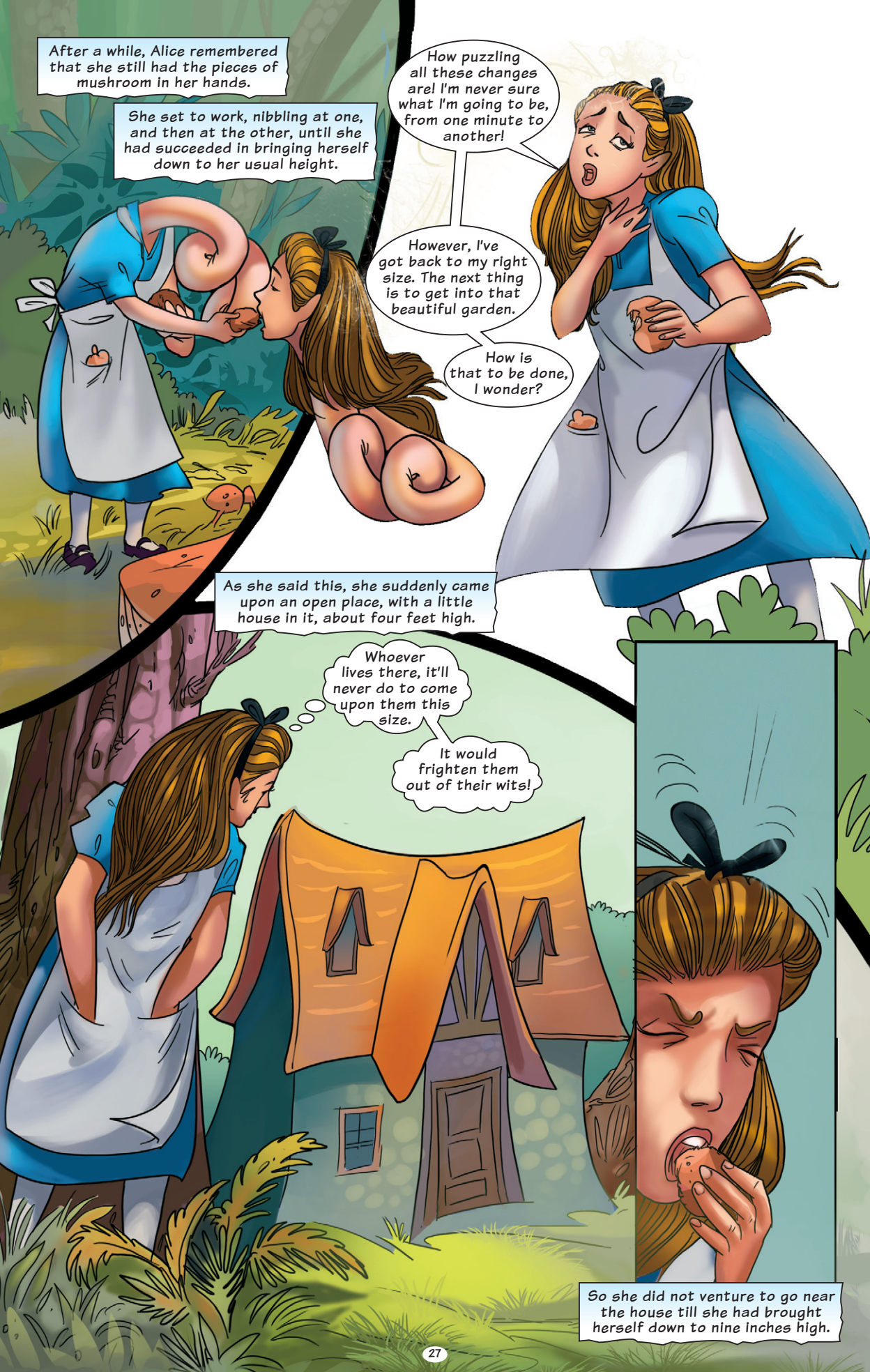
And you'd better not do that again!
THUD
THUD
RATATATAT
Alice noticed, with some surprise, that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes, and a bright idea came into her head.
If I eat one of these cakes, it's sure to make some change in my size.
And, as it can't possibly make me larger...
...it must make me smaller, I suppose.
So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking straight away.
She ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside.
They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared. But she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

The first thing I've got to do is to grow to my right size again.
And the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.
AAARK!
An excellent plan, but the only difficulty was that she had no idea how to set about it.
Poor little thing!
WOOF
WOOF
Having tried to coax the dog, Alice was terribly frightened at the thought that the enormous puppy might be hungry...
...in which case it would be very likely to eat her up.
So she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath.
What a dear little puppy it was! I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if... if I'd only been the right size to do it!
Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again! How will I manage it?
I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other. But the great question is, what?

She peeped over the edge of the mushroom.
Who are you?
I—I hardly know, sir, at the moment—at least I know who I was when I got up this morning...
...but I think I must have been changed several times since then.
What do you mean by that? Explain yourself!
I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir, because I'm not myself, you see.
I don't see. Who are you?
I think you ought to tell me who you are, first.
I've something important to say! Keep your temper.
Is that all?
No.
So you think you're changed, do you?
I'm afraid I am, sir. I can't remember things as I used to—and I don't stay the same size for ten minutes at a time!
Can't remember what things?
Well, I tried to say 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee', but it came out all different.
Repeat 'You are Old, Father William'.

You are old, Father William...
And Alice continued, reciting eight verses in all.
That is not right.
Not quite right, I'm afraid.
Some of the words have got altered.
It is wrong from beginning to end.
What size do you want to be?
I'm not particular about the size; only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.
Are you content now?
Well, I should like to be a little larger. Three inches is a wretched height to be.
It is a very good height indeed!
You'll get used to it in time.
One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.
One side of what? The other side of what?
Of the mushroom.
Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it...
...and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question.
And now, which is which?
She nibbled a little of the right hand bit and...

...the next moment, she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it had struck her foot!
Alice was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly.
Although there was hardly any room to open her mouth, she managed to swallow a morsel of the left hand bit.
My head's free at last, but what can all that green stuff be? And where have my shoulders gone?
Serpent!
I'm not a serpent! Leave me alone!
Serpent, I say again! As if it wasn't enough trouble hatching the eggs...
...but I must be on the lookout for serpents, night and day! I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!
And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the woods, they had to come wriggling down from the sky!
But I'm not a serpent, I tell you! I'm a little girl.
You're a serpent. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!
I have tasted eggs, but little girls eat eggs just as much as serpents do.
I don't believe it, but if they do, then they're a kind of serpent. You're looking for eggs.
I'm not looking for eggs.
Well, be off, then!


After a while, Alice remembered that she still had the pieces of mushroom in her hands.
She set to work, nibbling at one, and then at the other, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.
How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another!
However, I've got back to my right size. The next thing is to get into that beautiful garden.
How is that to be done, I wonder?
As she said this, she suddenly came upon an open place, with a little house in it, about four feet high.
Whoever lives there, it'll never do to come upon them this size.
It would frighten them out of their wits!
So she did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.

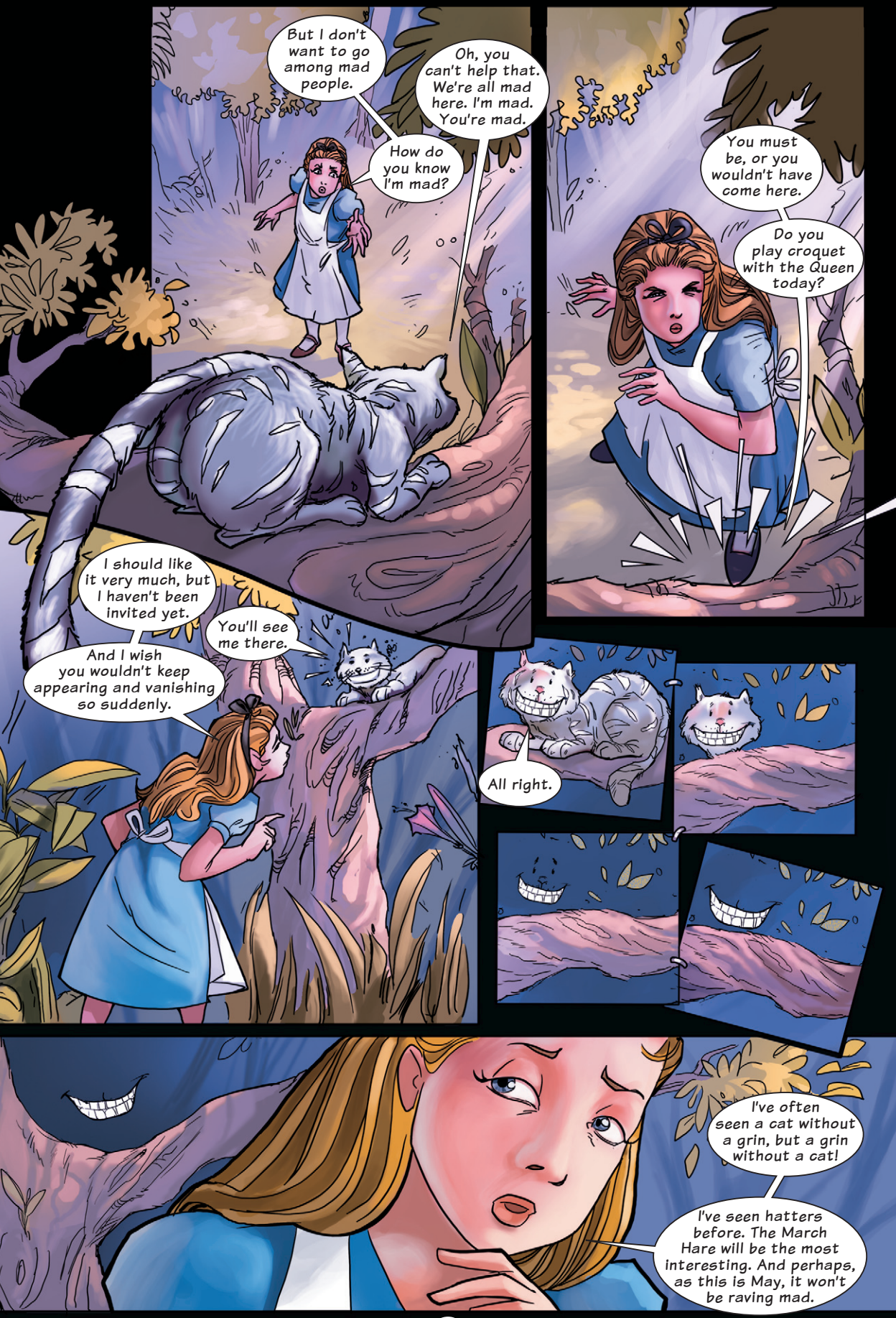
Alice stood wondering what to do, when the door was opened. She felt very curious to know what was going on, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.
For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.
From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.
Having bowed to each other, the Frog Footman and the Fish Footman got their curls entangled together.
Alice laughed so much at this that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her.
The Fish Footman now gone, she went timidly up to the door.
AACOOWWAAACCOWWW!
AA-CHOO!
KRA-ASH!
KNOCK KNOCK
There's no use in knocking. Firstly, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are.
Secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.
Please, then, how am I to get in?

There might be some sense in your knocking, if we had the door between us.
How am I to get in?
I shall sit here till tomorrow...
WHIZZ!
...or the next day, maybe.
The Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.
How am I to get in?
Are you to get in at all? That's the first question, you know.
It was, no doubt, but Alice did not like to be told so.
But what am I to do?
Anything you like.
Oh, there's no use in talking to him. He's perfectly idiotic!

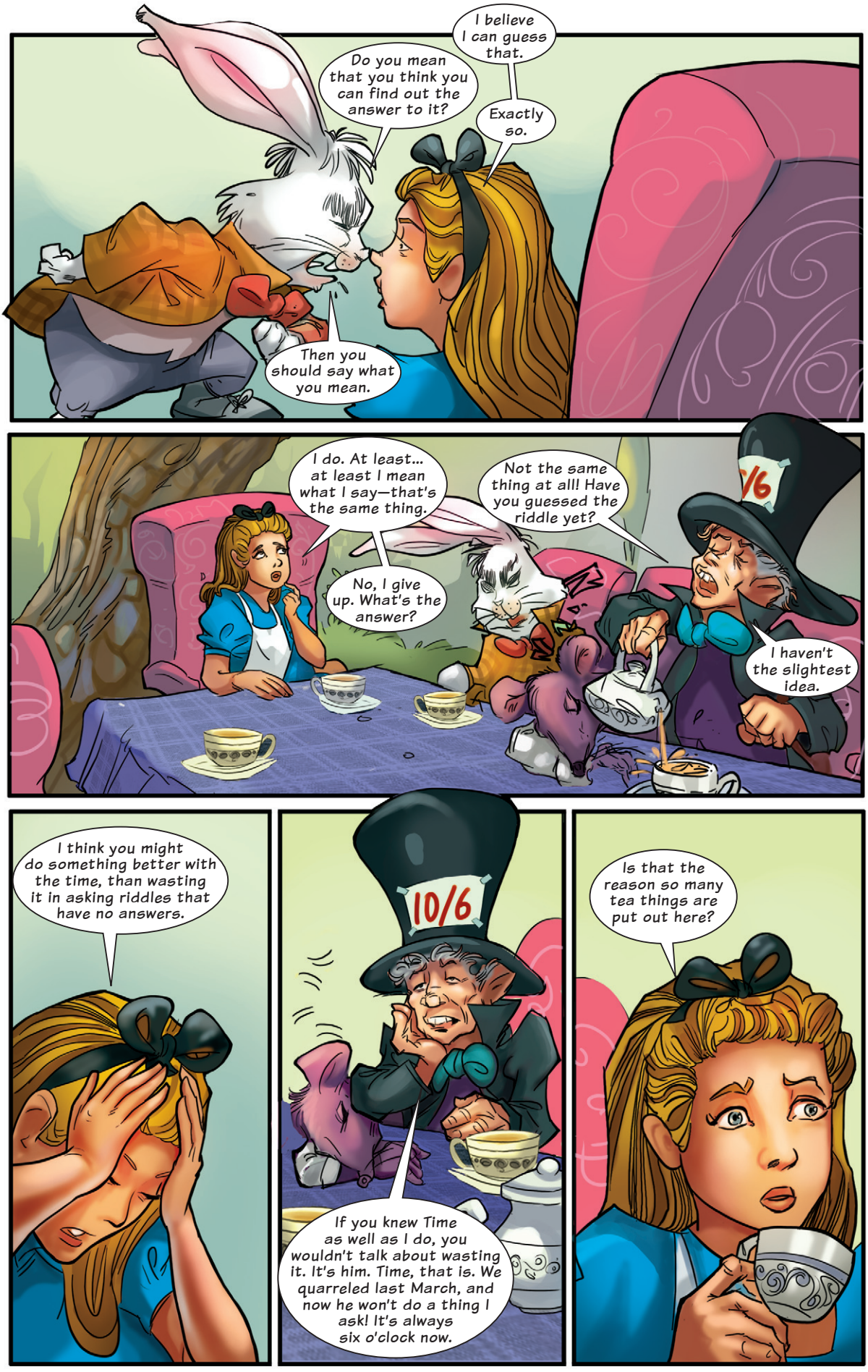
The door led right into a large kitchen. The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool, nursing a baby.
There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!
AA-CHOO!
WAAAAAA-CHOO
Please, would you tell me why your cat grins like that?
It's a Cheshire cat, and that's why.
I didn't know that cats could grin. I don't know of any that do.
They all can, and most of them do. You don't know much, and that's a fact.
Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject, when...
DUNK!
...the cook set to work, throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby.
Oh, please mind what you're doing!
The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her, and the baby was howling so much already that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.
WAAAAAA-CHOO
WAAAAAA-CHOO
AA-CHOO
If everybody minded their own business...

...the world would go around a great deal faster than it does.
Which would not be an advantage. The earth takes twenty-four hours to turn around on its axis--
Talking of axes, chop off her head!
Speak roughly to your little boy, ♪ and beat him ♫ when he sneezes.
He only does it ♫ to annoy, ♪ because he knows it teases.
WAAAAAA
WAAAAAAA
I speak severely ♪ to my boy, ♫ I beat him when he sneezes.
For he can♫ thoroughly enjoy the pepper when ♪ he pleases!
Here! You may nurse it a bit, if you like!

I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen.
If I don't take this child away with me, they're sure to kill it in a day or two. Wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?
Don't grunt. That's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself.
GRUNT!
If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear, I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!
GRUNT!
If it had grown up, it would have been a dreadfully ugly child. But it makes rather a handsome pig.
And Alice began thinking about other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs.
If only one knew the right way to change them--
Cheshire Puss, would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?
That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.
I don't really care where--
Then it doesn't matter which way you go.
In one direction lives a Hatter, and in the other direction lives a March Hare. Visit whichever you like—they're both mad.


But I don't want to go among mad people.
Oh, you can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.
How do you know I'm mad?
You must be, or you wouldn't have come here.
Do you play croquet with the Queen today?
I should like it very much, but I haven't been invited yet.
You'll see me there.
And I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly.
All right.
I've often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat!
I've seen hatters before. The March Hare will be the most interesting. And perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad.

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare.
She thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur.
It was so large a house that she did not go nearer till she had made herself about two feet high by nibbling on the mushroom.
No room! No room!
There's plenty of room!
I don't see any wine.
Have some wine.
There isn't any.
10/6
Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.
It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.
I didn't know it was your table. It's laid for a great many more than three.
Your hair wants cutting.
You should learn not to make personal remarks. It's very rude.
Why is a raven like a writing desk?


I believe I can guess that.
Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?
Exactly so.
Then you should say what you mean.
I do. At least... at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing.
Not the same thing at all! Have you guessed the riddle yet?
No, I give up. What's the answer?
I haven't the slightest idea.
I think you might do something better with the time, than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.
10/6
If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him. Time, that is. We quarreled last March, and now he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.
Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?

Yes, that's it, it's always teatime. And we've no time to wash the things between whiles.
Then you keep moving around, I suppose?
Exactly so, as the things get used up.
But what happens when you come to the beginning again?
I want a clean cup. Let's all move one place on.
10/6
10/
The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change.
Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. She was a good deal worse off than before.
She finally got up in great disgust, and walked off. None of the others took the least notice of her going.
It's the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!

That's very curious! But everything's curious today.
I think I may as well go in at once.
Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table.
Now, I'll manage better this time.
She began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden.
Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom—she had kept a piece of it in her pocket—till she was about a foot high.
And then, she found herself at last...

...in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower beds and cool fountains.
Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!
I couldn't help it. Seven jogged my elbow.
That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!
You'd better not talk! I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded.
What for?
That's none of your business, Two!
Yes, it is his business! And I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip roots instead of onions.
Would you tell me, please, why you are painting those roses?
This here ought to have been a red rose tree, but we put a white one in by mistake.
And, if the Queen was to find out, we should all have our heads cut off.
The Queen! The Queen!

There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked around, eager to see the Queen.
Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!
Who is this? What's your name, child?
My name is Alice, so please your Majesty.
And who are these?
How should I know? It's no business of mine.
Off with her head! Off with--
The Queen turned crimson with fury and, after glaring at Alice for a moment like a wild beast...

Nonsense!
Consider, my dear, she is only a child!
What have you been doing here?
May it please your Majesty, we were trying--
I see!
Off with their heads!
You shan't be beheaded!
Are their heads off?
Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!
That's right! Can you play croquet?
Yes!
Come on, then!

Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.
It's... it's a very fine day!
Very. Where's the Duchess?
Hush! Hush!
What for?
Did you say 'What a pity!'?
No, I didn't. I don't think it's a pity at all. I said, 'What for?'
She boxed the Queen's ears. You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said--
She's under sentence of execution.
Get to your places!

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet ground in her life. The croquet balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes.
The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarreling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs.
And in a very short time, the Queen was in a furious passion...
Off with his head! Off with her head!
I have not had any dispute with the Queen yet, but it might happen any minute. And then what would become of me?
They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here. The great wonder is that there's anyone left alive!
Then Alice noticed a curious appearance in the air.
It's the Cheshire Cat. Now I shall have somebody to talk to.

How are you getting on?
I don't think they play at all fairly.
And they all quarrel so dreadfully—one can't hear oneself speak. And they don't seem to have any rules in particular.
At least, if there are, nobody follows them. And you've no idea how confusing it is that all the things are alive.
I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!
How do you like the Queen?
Not at all.
She's so extremely--

--likely to win, that it's hardly worthwhile finishing the game.
Who are you talking to?
It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat. Allow me to introduce it.
I don't like the look of it at all. However, it may kiss my hand if it likes.
I'd rather not.
Don't be impertinent...
...and don't look at me like that!
A cat may look at a king. I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where.
Well, it must be removed.
My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!
Off with his head!
I'll fetch the executioner myself.
Alice thought she might as well go back, and see how the game was going on.

When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she found a dispute taking place between the executioner, the King, and the Queen.
You can't cut off a head unless there is a body to cut it off from.
Anything that has a head can be beheaded, and you are not to talk nonsense.
I have never had to do such a thing before, and I'm not going to begin at my time of life.
If something isn't done about it in less than no time, I'll have everybody executed, all around.
It was this last remark that made the whole party look so grave and anxious.
It belongs to the Duchess. You'd better ask her about it.
She's in prison. Fetch her here.

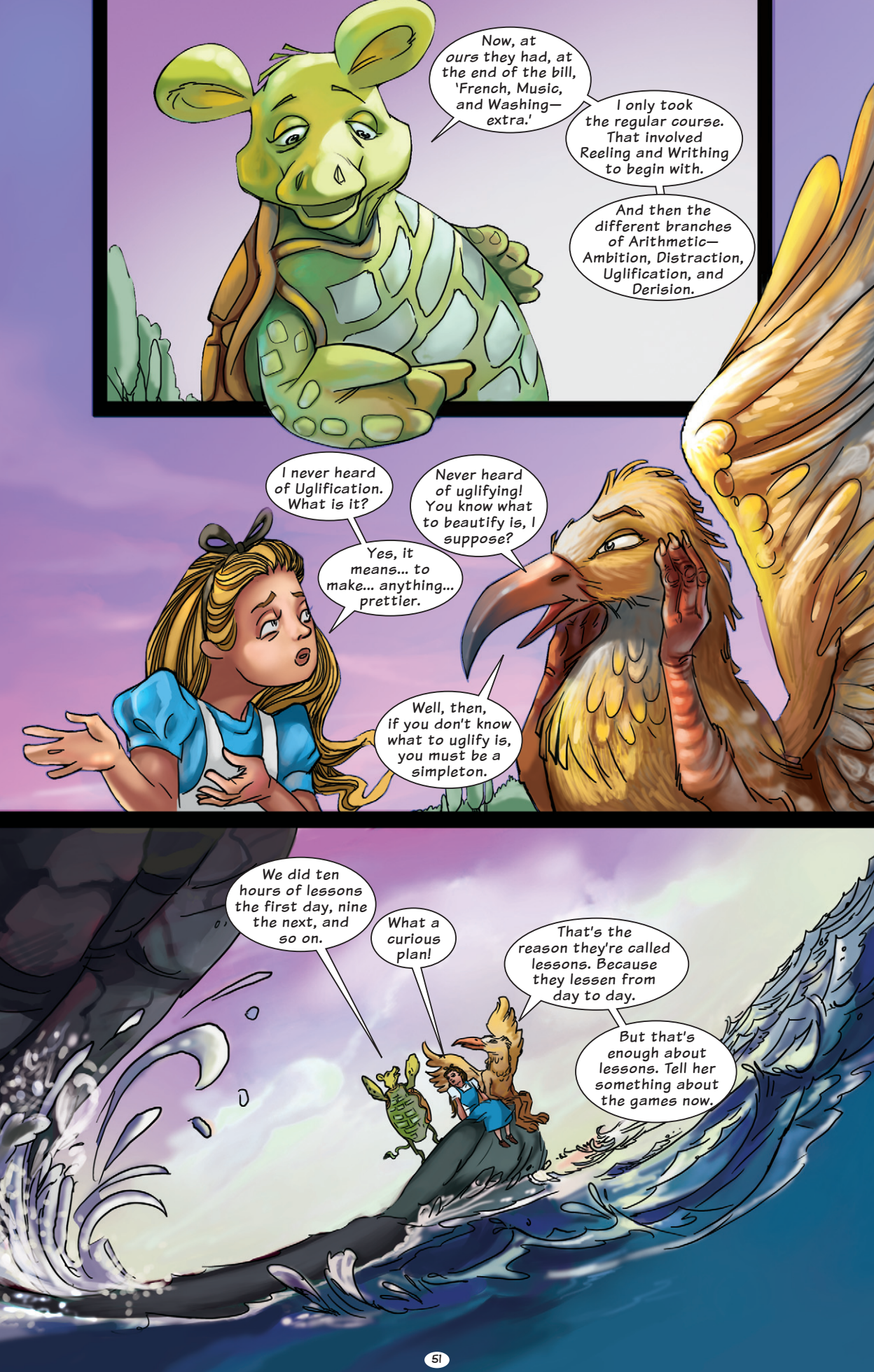
The executioner came back with the Duchess.
You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!
Perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage.
When I'm a Duchess, I won't have any pepper in my kitchen at all.
You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk.
I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit.
Tut, tut, child! Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it.
Perhaps it hasn't got one.
I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo.
He might bite.
Flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is, 'Birds of a feather flock together.'
Only mustard isn't a bird. It's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is.
And the moral of that is, 'Be what you would seem to be.'

Or if you'd like it put more simply, 'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were...
...or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'
Thinking again?
I've a right to think.
Just about as much right as pigs have to fly. And the m...
To Alice's great surprise, the Duchess's voice died away, even in the middle of her favorite word 'moral'.
And the arm that was linked into Alice's began to tremble.
A fine day, your Majesty!
Now, I give you fair warning, either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time!
Take your choice!

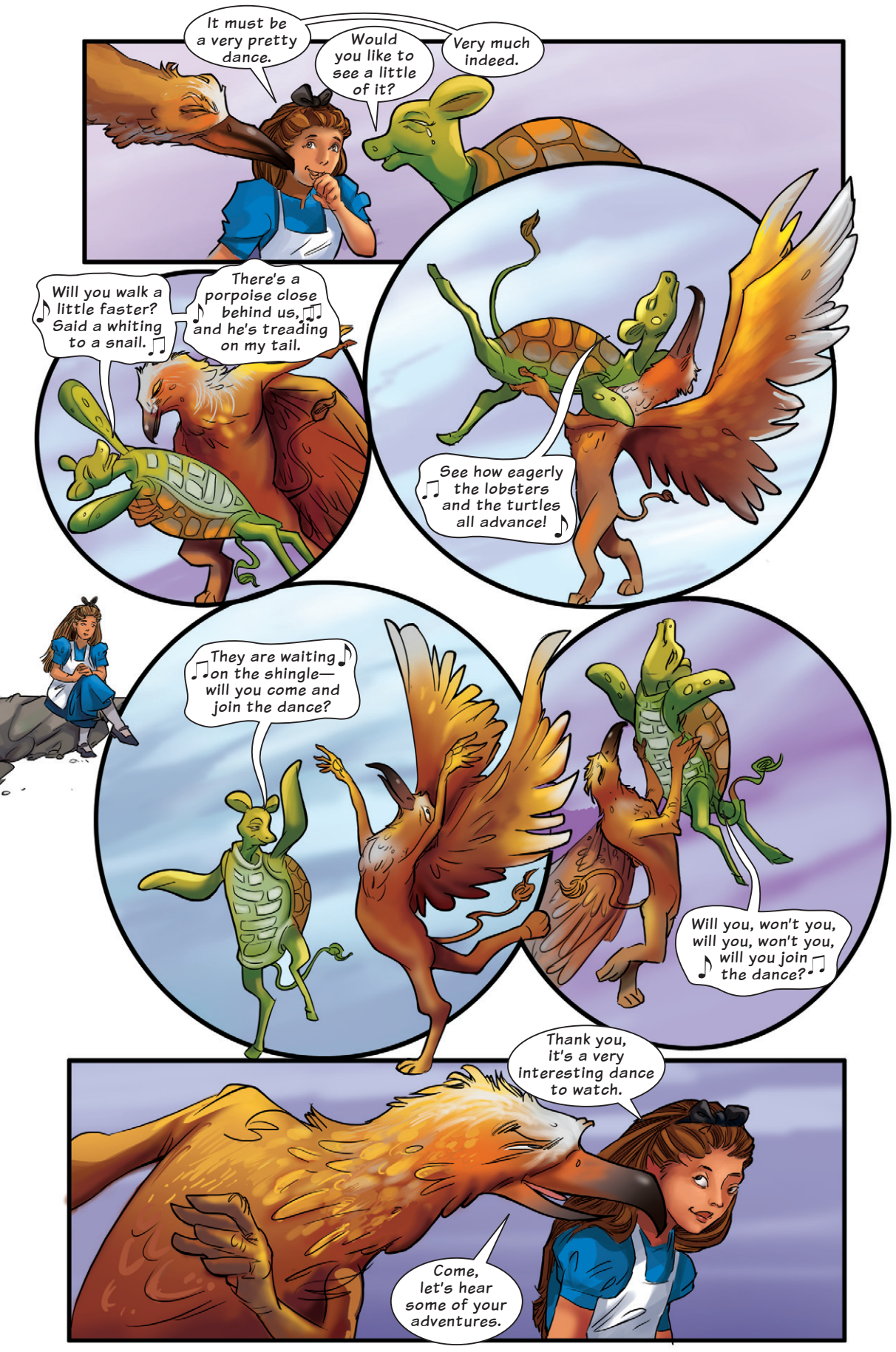
Let's get on with the game.
Alice was too frightened to say a word, but followed the Queen, back to the croquet ground.
Off with his head! Off with her head!
Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to stop being arches to do this.
By the end of half an hour or so, there were no arches left...
...and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody and under sentence of execution.
Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?
No, I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is.
It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from.
I never saw one, or heard of one.
Come on, then, and he shall tell you his history.
You are all pardoned.

Very soon they came upon a Gryphon.
Up, lazy thing! And take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle.
I must go back and take care of the executions I have ordered.
ZZZ
Alice did not like the look of the creature, but she thought it would be just as safe to stay with it as go with the savage Queen.
What fun!
What is the fun?
Why, she. It's all her fancy, that. They never execute nobody, you know. Come on!
They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely.
What is his sorrow?
It's all his fancy, that. He hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!
This young lady here, she wants to know your history, she does.
I'll tell her. Sit down both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished.

Once, I was a real Turtle.
When we were little, we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle— we used to call him Tortoise--
Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?
We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull!
We had the best of education— in fact, we went to school every day--
I've been to a day school too. You needn't be so proud as all that.
With extras?
Yes, we learned French and Music.
And Washing?
Certainly not!
Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school.


Now, at ours they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, Music, and Washing—extra.'
I only took the regular course. That involved Reeling and Writhing to begin with.
And then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.
I never heard of Uglification. What is it?
Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose?
Yes, it means... to make... anything... prettier.
Well, then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you must be a simpleton.
We did ten hours of lessons the first day, nine the next, and so on.
What a curious plan!
That's the reason they're called lessons. Because they lessen from day to day.
But that's enough about lessons. Tell her something about the games now.

You may not have lived much under the sea--
I haven't.
And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster--
I once tasted-- no, never.
So you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!
No, indeed. What sort of a dance is it?
You first form into a line along the seashore--
Two lines! Seals, turtles, and so on...
Each with a lobster as a partner!
Advance twice...
Change lobsters...
Turn a somersault in the sea!
Change lobsters again!


It must be a very pretty dance.
Would you like to see a little of it?
Very much indeed.
Will you walk a little faster? Said a whiting to a snail.
There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle— will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch.
Come, let's hear some of your adventures.

I could tell you my adventures, beginning from this morning...
...but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.
Explain all that.
No, no! The adventures first. Explanations take such a dreadful time.
Alice began telling them her adventures, from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit.
She was a little nervous about it, just at first.
That's very curious.
It's all about as curious as it can be.
But she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet...
...till she got to the part about her repeating 'You are Old, Father William' to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming out different.

I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin.
Stand up and repeat 'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard.'
Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare...
...You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.
Alice's head was so full of the Lobster Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying.
I should like to have it explained.
Go on with the next verse.
What is the use of repeating all that stuff if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever--
The trial's beginning!
Come on!
What trial is it?
Come on!

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books.
That's the judge because of his great wig. And that's the jury box. And those twelve creatures, I suppose they are the jurors.
She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it...
...for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all.

What are they all doing? They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun.
They're putting down their names for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial.
Stupid things!

Silence in the court!

Alice could make out that all the jurors were writing down 'stupid things!' and that one of the jurors didn't know how to spell 'stupid'.
A nice muddle their slates will be in before the trial's over!
TOOT TOOT TOOT
Herald, read the accusation!
STEUPID
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, all on a summer day.
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, and took them quite away!
Consider your verdict.
Not yet, not yet! There's a great deal to come before that!
Call the first witness.
First witness!

The first witness was the Hatter.
I beg pardon, Your Majesty, for bringing these in, but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.
You ought to have finished. When did you begin?
Fourteenth of March, I think it was.
Fifteenth.
Sixteenth.
Write that down.
Take off your hat.
It isn't mine.
Stolen!
I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm a hatter.
10/6
15
14 15 1
15 16 14
Give your evidence. And don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.
10/6
This did not seem to encourage the witness at all.

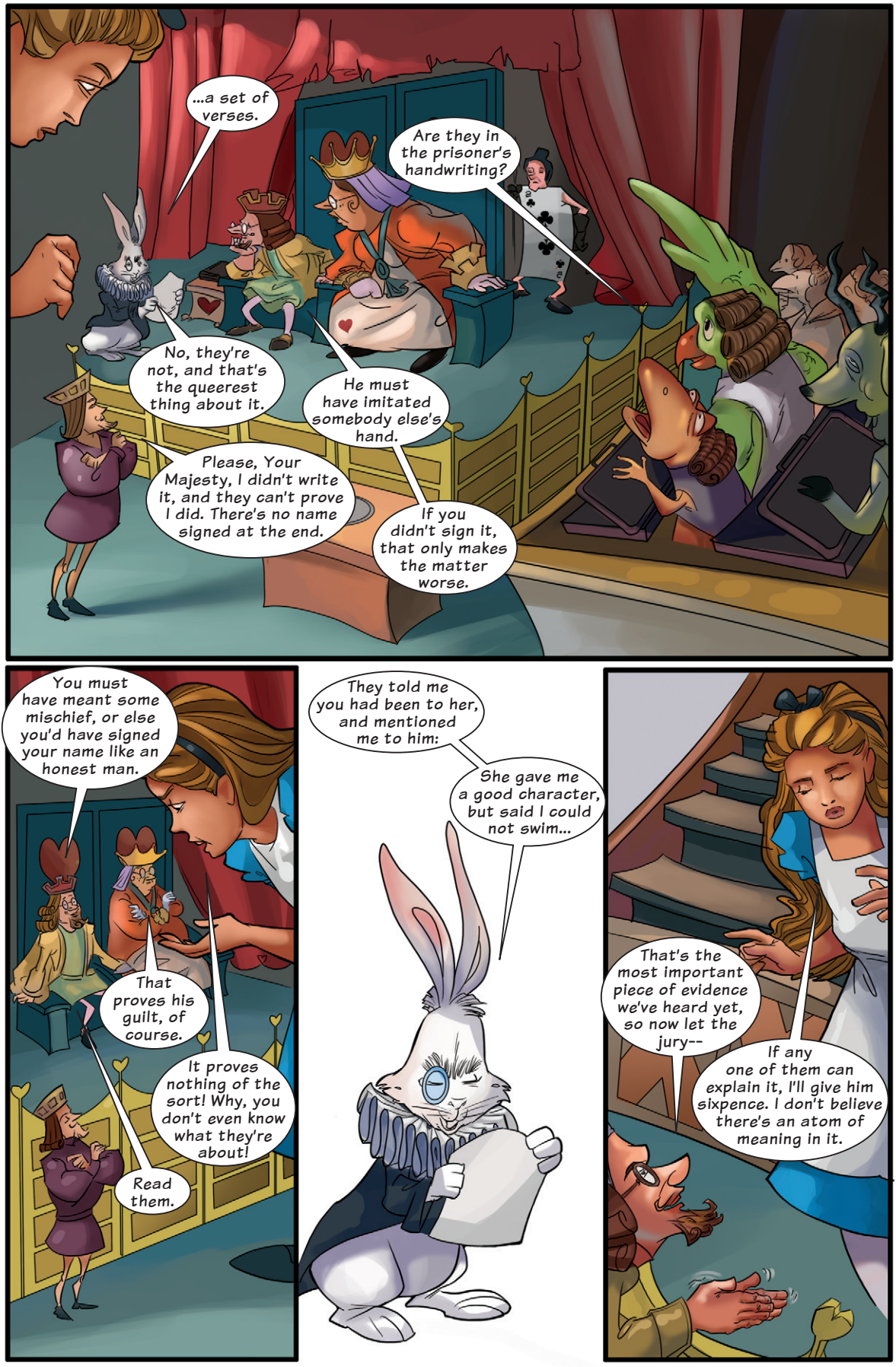
Just at this moment, Alice felt a very curious sensation... she was beginning to grow larger again.
I wish you wouldn't squeeze so. I can hardly breathe.
I can't help it. I'm growing.
You've no right to grow here.
Don't talk nonsense. You know you're growing too.
Yes, but I grow at a reasonable pace.
10/6
Give your evidence or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not.
I'm a poor man, your Majesty... it began with the tea. The March Hare said--
I didn't!
You did!
I deny it!
He denies it. Leave out that part.
Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said... I can't remember...
YAY
What did the Dormouse say? You must remember or I'll have you executed.

The guinea pig that cheered was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court.
I'm glad I've seen that done. I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials...
'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court.'
And I never understood what it meant till now.
If that's all you know about it, you may stand down.
I can't go any lower. I'm on the floor, as it is.
Then you may go.
And the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.
Just take his head off outside.
But the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

Call the next witness!
The next witness was the Duchess's cook.
Give your evidence.
Shan't.
Your Majesty must cross-examine this witness.
Well, if I must, I must. What are tarts made of?
Pepper, mostly.
Treacle.
Treacle.
Collar that Dormouse! Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!
For some minutes, the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out...
...and by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.
Call the next witness.
Really, my dear, you must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!
Alice!

Here!
In the flurry of the moment, forgetting how large she had grown in the last few minutes, Alice tipped over the jury box, upsetting all the jurors.
The trial cannot proceed until all the jurors are back in their proper places—all.
Not that it signifies much, but...
...I should think it would be quite as much use in the trial one way up as the other.
What do you know about this business?
Nothing.
Nothing whatever?
Nothing whatever.
That's very important.
Unimportant, Your Majesty means, of course.
Unimportant, of course, I meant. Important... unimportant... unimportant... important.

Silence! Rule Forty-two. All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.
I'm not a mile high.
You are.
Nearly two miles high.
Well, I shan't go, at any rate. Besides, that's not a regular rule—you invented it just now.
It's the oldest rule in the book.
Then it ought to be Number One.
Consider your verdict.
There's more evidence to come yet, please Your Majesty. This paper has just been picked up.
What's in it?
It must have been to somebody, unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual.
It seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to... to somebody.
But it isn't addressed to anyone. In fact, there's nothing written on the outside. It isn't a letter, after all. It's...


...a set of verses.
Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?
No, they're not, and that's the queerest thing about it.
He must have imitated somebody else's hand.
Please, Your Majesty, I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did. There's no name signed at the end.
If you didn't sign it, that only makes the matter worse.
You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.
That proves his guilt, of course.
It proves nothing of the sort! Why, you don't even know what they're about!
Read them.
They told me you had been to her, and mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character, but said I could not swim...
That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet, so now let the jury--
If any one of them can explain it, I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.

If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any.
Let the jury consider their verdict.
No, no! Sentence first, verdict afterward.
Stuff and nonsense! The idea of having the sentence first!
Hold your tongue!
I won't!
Off with her head!
Who cares for you? You're nothing but a pack of cards!
At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her.
AIIIEEEEEE

Wake up, Alice dear! Why, what a long sleep you've had!
Oh, I've had such a curious dream!
And she told her sister, as well as she could remember, all about the strange adventures she'd had.
It was a curious dream, dear, certainly. But now run in to your tea—it's getting late.
So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran what a wonderful dream it had been.
But her sister sat still, thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful adventures...
...till she too began dreaming after a fashion.
And the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.
The long grass rustled at her feet, as the White Rabbit hurried by; the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighboring pool...
...and she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland.
Though she knew she only had to open them again, and all would change to dull reality.
The grass would only be rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds.
The rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep's bells...
BAA BAA
...the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy...
...and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change to the confused clamor of the busy farmyard...
...while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured how this same little sister of hers would, in later years, herself become a grown woman.
And how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood.
And how she would gather other little children around her, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale.
Perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago.
And how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys...
...remembering her own childhood and the happy summer days.

CAMPFIRE™

About Us

It is nighttime in the forest. The sky is black, studded with countless stars. A campfire is crackling, and the storytelling has begun—stories about love and wisdom, conflict and power, dreams and identity, courage and adventure, survival against all odds, and hope against all hope. In the warm, cheerful radiance of the campfire, the storyteller's audience is captivated, as in a trance. Even the trees and the earth and the animals of the forest seem to have fallen silent, bewitched.

Inspired by this enduring relationship between a campfire and gripping storytelling, we bring you four series of *Campfire Graphic Novels*:

Our *Classic* tales adapt timeless literature from some of the greatest writers ever.

Our *Mythology* series features epics, myths and legends from around the world, tales that transport readers to lands of mystery and magic.

Our *Biography* titles bring to life remarkable and inspiring figures from history.

Our *Original* line showcases brand new characters and stories from some of today's most talented graphic novelists and illustrators.

We hope you will gather around our campfire and discover the fascinating stories and characters inside our books.

The Mythical and The Magical

In *Alice in Wonderland,* we see the Queen of Hearts ordering a griffin (spelled 'gryphon') to take Alice to see the Mock Turtle and hear its story.

GRIFFINS

Griffins are very strange creatures that have the body of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle. As we all know, the lion is the king of the beasts, and the eagle the king of the birds, so griffins are thought to be really powerful and majestic beasts. They live high in the mountains, make nests of gold, and lay precious stones instead of eggs. Ancient tales tell of the Arimaspians, the one-eyed race of Scythia, being great enemies of the griffins because they constantly tried to steal the treasure the griffins guarded.

PHOENIX

The most magnificent of all legendary birds, the red and golden phoenix is a symbol of immortality. According to Greek folklore, this beautiful bird lives near a well in Arabia and sings such a haunting song, that even the Sun stops to listen! It is said that it can live for up to a thousand years, and can even heal itself if injured. The phoenix never dies, so when it reaches the end of its lifespan, it builds itself a nest of spices and sets the nest, and itself, on fire. The phoenix then rises from the ashes and begins a new life.

In the book, *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets,* Harry is wounded by a basilisk's fang and nearly dies from the venom. But Fawkes, a phoenix, heals the wound with his tears which have magic powers!

FAIRIES

These tiny magical creatures look like little humans with wings. It is said that fairies don't like to be seen by people at all and can appear and disappear in the blink of an eye. Supposedly, there are bad fairies as well as good. Good fairies live among flowers and help humans, while bad ones steal babies. If you want fairies to visit your garden, you can leave a tiny piece of cake or biscuit for them. And, if you're lucky, you might see them dancing around rings of mushrooms in the moonlight. These are called fairy circles, which are believed to be the gateways to fairylands.

Tinker Bell, from the book *Peter Pan,* was a fairy who was good and kind to Peter in the island of Neverland. Her voice sounded like a tinkling bell and could be understood only by those who knew fairy language!

UNICORNS

Unicorns were enchanting creatures. They looked like white horses with a spiraling horn on their forehead. In the west, they were considered wild, while in the east they were gentle and thought to be bringers of good luck. In medieval folklore, the horn of the unicorns was called the alicorn, and was apparently magical. If it was dipped in dirty water, the water would become clean. Legend has it that when Noah gathered two of every kind of animal for his ark, he forgot to gather the unicorns, which is why they do not exist today. It is also said that unicorns are possibly based on the narwhal, a real-life sea creature with one horn.

In the fantasy novel series, *The Chronicles of Narnia* by C.S. Lewis, Jewel, the Unicorn, saves the life of Tirian, the last king of Narnia, in battle.

MORE MAGICAL MONSTERS

- Centaurs were half men and half horses. Achilles, the Greek hero, had a teacher called Chiron who was a centaur.
- The Yeti is a huge ape-like beast that lives in the foothills of the Himalayan mountains.
- Leprechauns are imaginary creatures who live in Ireland and are found sitting on pots of gold.
- Dragons are seen as fearsome creatures, but the Chinese believe they are good and friendly.

GOBLINS

Goblins are imaginary evil and mischievous creatures with long, pointed ears. And, do you know what they like doing? They love to rearrange household items, tangle up horses, bang pots and pans, and knock on doors and walls. Some even dig up graves and scatter the bones around! Goblins also like to stay in mines where they search for treasure. These magical creatures, though usually seen as troublemakers, are not completely evil. They like troubling the miserly and the lazy, and turn their rooms and things upside-down to teach them a lesson.

One of the earliest fairytales, *The Goblin and the Grocer* is a story about a goblin who has to choose between jam and poetry. In the end, he realizes that though he thinks poetry is greater, he cannot give up the jam that he gets from the grocer!

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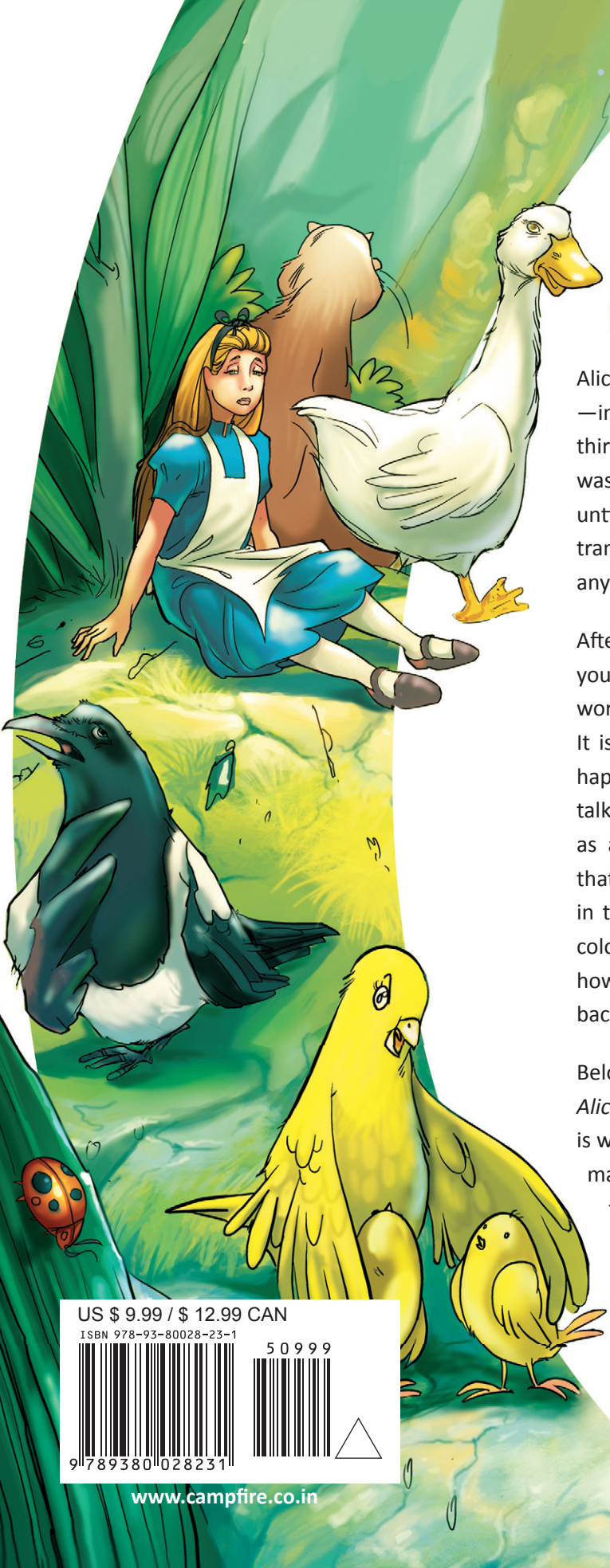

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